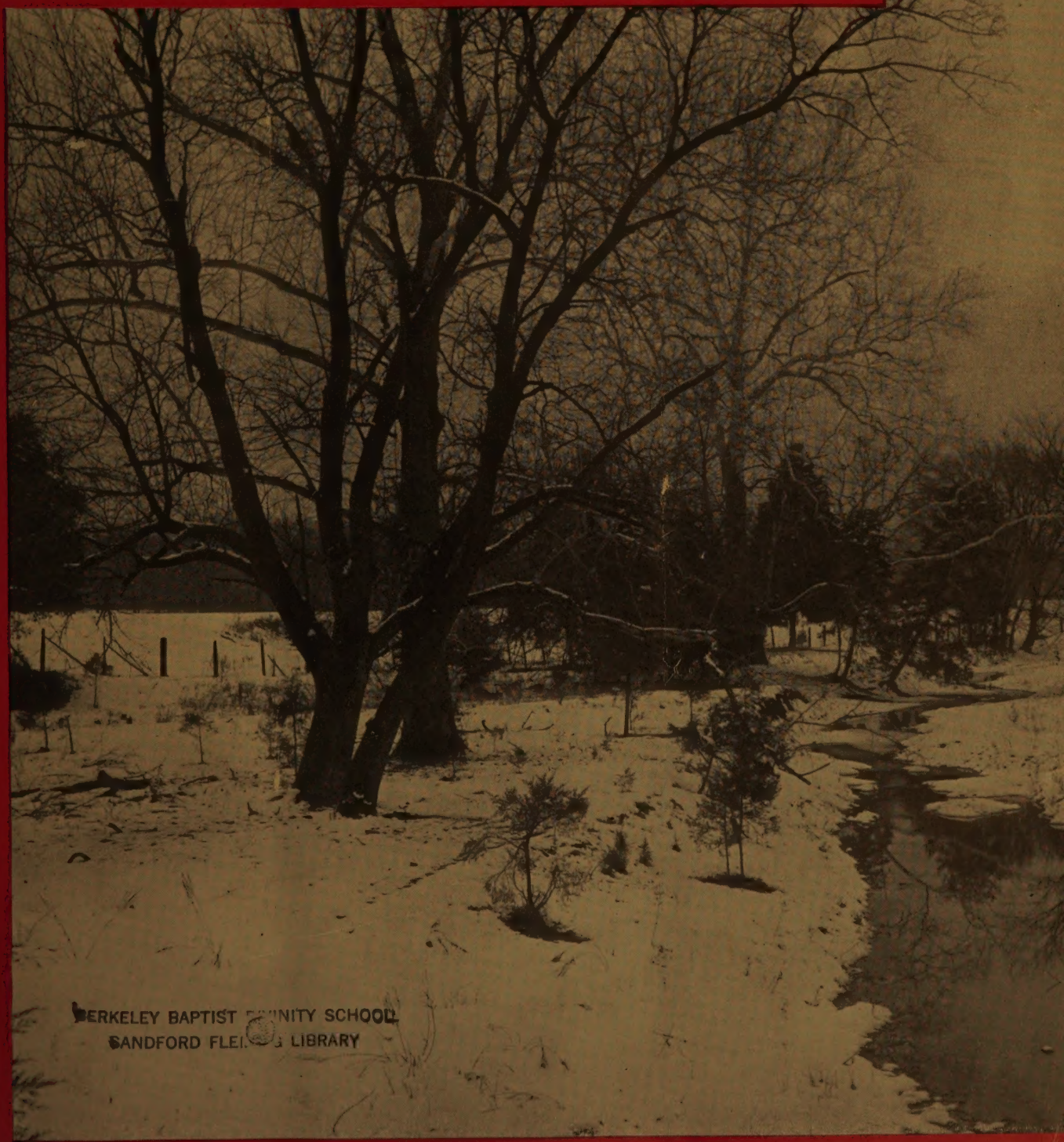


The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



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FEBRUARY, 1957 — 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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You Can't Always "Do It Over"

"If I had my life to live over, there are so many things that I would do differently." This is a very familiar refrain, which you yourself have perhaps echoed. We look back over our lives at our mistakes, foolish and hasty actions, things we wish we had done, and we commiserate over them.

No one really needs to tell you that "you can't live in the past," but many of us try to. We should, instead, be putting our time and energy into building better lives for ourselves and our families for the present and for the future. There is nothing that we can do to change the past.

What's Here? We have a special article for single adults who live with and care for their parents. "You Owe It to Yourself," by Robert G. Torbet, will help such people to attain a fuller, more integrated life.

Today, nearly all of our able-bodied young men serve a "hitch" in the armed forces of the United States; and for this reason most of us are concerned with the welfare of the men in uniform. C. E. Weber has written an article, "Christian Youth and the Service," which is recommended reading both for the men who are awaiting the service and for those who are concerned with them.

Most parents rearing young children find that the going gets rough every now and then. Those who have used the church as a guide and a resource have found that many of the hurdles can be successfully overcome. "Your Ally—the Church" is an article that parents of young children and teenagers should read.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em Alone," our story for this month, is about a mother who found a remedy for the undesirable relationship which existed between her and her children. This story might prove to be a help for parents with a similar problem.

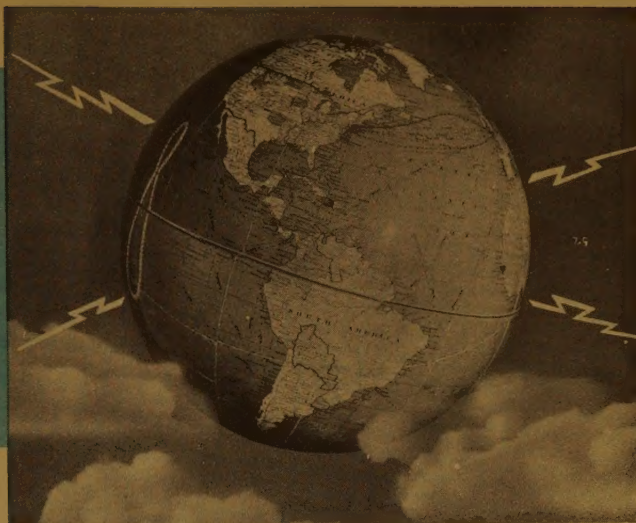
Our children's story is especially fine. "A George Washington Story," by Jean Wyatt, is about a small boy who found that there was a way in which he, too, could help General Washington's ragged, starving troops.

What's Coming? Keep your eyes open for "Crisis Experiences in Family Life"; "Do Your Children Understand You?"; and "Her Bargain with God."

So long,

S. W.

FAMILY LIFE AROUND THE WORLD



H. Armstrong Roberts

• Propose Human Relations Centers

Nijmegen, Netherlands—A proposal that human relations centers be established at the world's great universities was made at the first International Conference on Human Relations here, sponsored by the World Brotherhood organization. The conference was attended by 250 churchmen, educators, social scientists, businessmen, and labor leaders of all religious faiths.

The proposal was made at a seminar of which Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, of New York, was a leader. Pointing out that the departments of gynecology and pediatrics maintained by most large medical colleges provided a very important analogy to the proposed human relations centers, he further said:

"Study and work with regard to the inception, birth, care, and growth of the psyche in its infancy is a primary need. Through the self-discipline of destructive hostilities and fostering of love in the formative years of babies being born today, society may addure fulfillment of the great expectations for a successful world family of man by 1984 instead of permitting George Orwell's dire predictions to overtake mankind."

Judge Zafrulla Khan, of Pakistan, stressed the need for establishing sound human relations "within the frame of the universal Fatherhood of God. Only if men remember their common heavenly Father will they discover the best forms of brotherly behavior they owe each other before the Lord."

It was reported that human relations centers are in varying stages of progress in some 40 countries.

• Canadian Moral Deterioration Condemned

Ingston, Ont., Canada—Leaders of the Anglican Church of Canada charged here that "grave moral and spiritual deterioration, organized vice and cor-

ruption in public life" were eating into Canadian life.

They further stated there was a spirit abroad which stressed "not giving but receiving, not duties but rights, and not sacrifices but gain." He also deplored the "pressure without mercy by advertisers to persuade people that luxuries were not luxuries, but necessities."

• Russia Educates for Family Life

Moscow—Education for the young for marriage and family life has now become the subject of continual attention in the Soviet Union. Campaigning against divorce, a new monthly magazine *Family and School*, insists that divorce is largely due to lack of preparation: "Teachers give all their attention to preparing the student for his future role as a worker and a citizen, which consideration for his personal future is neglected. . . . We do a great deal to educate the community for work, for study, for social life. That is quite proper. But can we for that reason lose sight of the need to prepare the child for future family life?"

• British Study Divorce Problem

London—Following four years of study, the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce has presented a 400-page report on the conditions in England and Scotland.

The report strongly endorsed marriage counseling and urged its further extension. Such counseling should be given by voluntary agencies, partly supported by public funds, as at present to some degree.

From 1900, when scarcely more than 200 petitions were filed, the rate has increased until at present the number is nearly 30,000. This figure, however, is less for all England and Wales than the number for Los Angeles County in the same year.



Achieved Happiness

Martha Bayse Ingram simply exudes happiness; her husband, Forest, of a more reserved type, and their two children, David and Virginia, have that well-fed, confident, alert look that comes from living in a well-integrated Christian home where there is love and co-operation.

Martha Bayse was a happy, normal girl, accepting the good things of life that birth into an old established family brought. She was a good student throughout high school and college days, especially interested in sports and music.

Then came Forest. Martha and Forest spoke the same language, their families moved in the same social circle, and everybody was happy at the quiet home wedding which made Martha Mrs. Forest Ingram. Martha laughed and said that both she and Forest wanted a big family.

Then, about two years after the wedding, Martha had a serious illness. She recovered, but her family physician said there would never be any children.

So far the rich gifts of life had been practically thrown into Martha's lap. As soon as she was strong enough, she began to plan to have a full life—for herself and for her husband, "in spite of fate." She and Forest talked it over and decided that they would adopt two children. On inquiry they found that there were strict financial regulations to be met before adoption could take place. Both of their families could and would have helped them, but they decided to do it on their own.

Martha became a hostess at a tea shop. Eventually, this couple was able to buy a home, and adoption now became a possibility. They visited the adoption board and told them their plans, suggest-



(From left to right) Virginia, Forest, David, and Martha at their evening meal.

Photos from the author

by Susan C. Chiles

ing that they wanted a girl first. Then when a baby boy showed up who looked as though he might have been Martha's own son, he was legally adopted. Two years later, little Virginia, looking as much like Forest as David looked like Martha, became a member of the Ingram family.

Looking ahead, the Ingrams realized that the cozy little house in which they were living would be inadequate in a few years.

"We just have to have a bigger house," Martha said, "and there is always a way to do what needs to be done."

A new house, of the kind they wanted, was out of the question. It was then that they decided to look for a house, in the right kind of location, which was large enough to accommodate their growing family.

"We can make it what we want it to be by the time the children are old enough to care."

By this time the entire town was watching to see "what those unpredictable Ingrams" would do, and "oh'd and ah'd" in unison when they bought a house that had been built in 1867 and moved to its present location 65 years later.

A local paper, commenting on the remodeling when it was completed, said:

"It was 'a one man and hammer' that remodeled the Ingram home into the present very liveable structure. Besides working every day, Forest spent over 30 hours a week for 23 months tearing off the back half and building three bedrooms, a bath, and an upstairs work shop. From the rooms of the original structure that remained, he lowered the ceilings from 12 to 10 feet. The library is the one room in which the ceiling height remains unchanged."

As little as possible was spent for materials and tools. Forest bragged that the wood block plane he used was over a hundred years old and served him better than any new tool could, because it had



Forest interrupts David's piano practice to ask David where he put the drill that they were using.

to be sharpened only once a year, having a forge-hardened edge. It had originally belonged to Martha's great grandfather.

While Forest worked on the house, Martha began to make hooked rugs out of worn-out garments. In her circle of friends it was not unusual to hear someone say:

"When that wool dress you have on wears out, it will make a gay spot in one of Martha's rugs."

Martha had not gone into rug making haphazardly. She went to a professional who lived nearby and learned the art.

Martha also began to look around in the attic and salvaged many lovely antiques. When the family could furnish no more items, they began sleuthing around to get needed pieces. The 125-year-old Seth Thomas clock is among the choice pieces running over the century mark in age.

All during this reconstruction time, Martha was serving as a Girl Scout leader and Forest, as a leader in the Boy Scouts. Martha went to Camp Edith Macy at Pleasantville, New York, and learned to be a volunteer trainer of incoming Scout leaders in which capacity she serves now. She is known all through her own district as a marionette builder, and she and Virginia have appeared on local TV shows. Always members of this family are interested in each other's projects, but are encouraged



Achieved Happiness

to venture for themselves. Their ambition is to have a hobby room large enough for each one to have his own special "corner."

Mr. Ingram is a Boy Scout counselor and an elder in the First Christian Church in Independence, Missouri. He finds time to teach folk games to a large group in the Memorial Hall in his town. He has taught 1,000 people this art, which he learned from his wife. She got the idea at Central City, Colorado, one year when they were on a vacation. She came home, and together the Ingrams practiced, first to phonograph records and later to live music, until Forest became a professional. In connection with his scout work, Forest was a member of a group of men who built the necessary buildings at Camp Prairie Scooner, a local Scout camp.

Martha has time to take a group of Girl Scouts to the nearby Kansas City museum every other Wednesday to study mammals. Each girl keeps a nature scrapbook.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingram are co-chairmen of the building committee of their church. A movement is

under way to add a \$135,000 educational plant. It is impossible to list the best part of their lives: their quiet home devotions, their welcome hand to newcomers, their open door to everyone. Typical of them was their open house, to which no invitations were issued, outside of a line in the local paper stating this fact and saying that all friends were expected.

The children realize that it is a great honor to be an adopted child, and they are encouraged to make the most of their opportunities, because they are "chosen children." It is a common occurrence to see the Ingram family and as many friends as can "pile in," going "somewhere" together in the Ingrams' station wagon. Come summer, when Forest has two weeks' vacation, they go out to explore new territories, taking along tents and other equipment. They have pretty well toured the West, have gone as far north as Michigan, and have spent many week ends in the Ozarks.

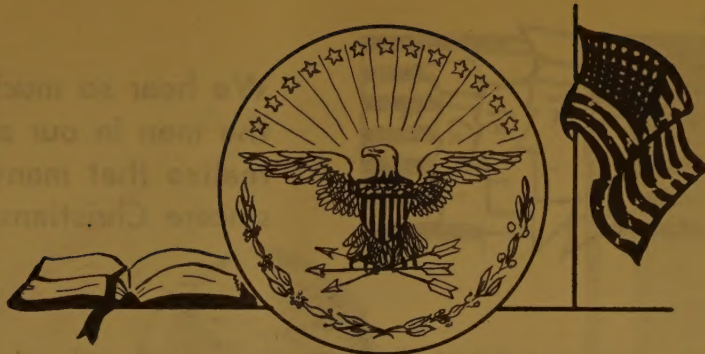
The Ingrams have achieved happiness through service, understanding, and generous sharing.



Virginia and her mother hold two puppets which they made from old hats, discarded nylon hose, and bulk cotton. They have made television appearances with their puppets and have taught others how to construct them.



photo by erb



Christian Youth and the Service

by C. E. Weber*

As their high school days come to a close, young people begin to think seriously about college or a job. Today young men must think also about the obligation of military training. The present selective service law of the United States does provide for religious objection and certain other exemption. Most of the young men of the country, however, will likely experience some form of military training by the time they are twenty-five.

Military training causes young men to be away from the influence of home and friends for long periods of time. Rigorous discipline, lack of privacy, extreme physical exertion, and other circumstances surrounding military life are unaccustomed and trying experiences that may make some boys bitter or sorry for themselves. The uninhibited freedom of a

week-end leave in a strange town, the temptations along the way, and the goading of the "gang" require Christian young men to uphold their moral principles under stress conditions.

Parents frequently hear about deplorable conditions and unfortunate incidents related to military life. What they hear makes them concerned about the moral and spiritual welfare of their sons. Parents must realize, however, that the tragic and the evil are played up. Everyone hears about such things as a sergeant's brutality, GI babies in Japan, the drama of a Phenix City. Few hear about the drama of a young serviceman who enters the ministry, of Korean GI's who give thousands of dollars to CARE, of influences that lead servicemen to right living. Nevertheless, such drama takes place.

The drama unfolds as a Navy "circuit rider" chaplain boards a small ship to hold church services. Soon a seaman plays "Eternal Father Strong to Save" on a

portable organ, and men's voices are raised in the praise of God, while beneath their feet the deck rises and falls with the rolling sea.

At a remote outpost in the Arctic an Air Force chaplain labors with his men to build a tent where the worship of God will be continued in a land of daytime darkness and never-ending ice. Meanwhile, in Arkansas and Louisiana Army chaplains on maneuvers with their men mount the backs of jeeps on Sundays and bring words of life from their Bibles and their hearts.

There are nearly 3,000 chaplains in the armed forces of the United States. They serve nearly 3 million men. Wherever these servicemen go, the church goes with them through its minister-in-uniform, the chaplains. Each chaplain is a commissioned officer. His function is primarily that of a clergyman, however. His mission is to serve the spiritual needs of the men under his care. He strives to help them maintain their ideals in the

*Mr. Weber, the Director of Camp and Defense Community Services for the United Christian Missionary Society, talks about the interest the church takes in young servicemen from its Christian homes.



We hear so much about the moral degradation of the men in our armed forces, that we perhaps don't realize that many of the men in uniform are earnest, sincere Christians.

face of stress conditions. The chaplain is a pastor to his men and an adviser to the commanding officer on all matters pertaining to moral, spiritual, and religious welfare. He has the important responsibility of carrying out the character education program of the armed forces. This program consists of well-planned courses on moral values and behavior, which all servicemen must attend. The chaplain provides religious activities at the post chapel, which often include mid-week Bible study, weekday devotions, and occasional fellowship meetings, as well as Sunday worship and church school.

It is impossible for any communion to have one of its own chaplains at each military post. All Protestant chaplains understand that the post is their parish. They want to serve those who come from various communions, as well as the unchurched. Since each chaplain is a representative of his own communion, he is not called upon to perform duties that are inconsistent with the beliefs and practices of his church. This applies particularly to such matters as communion, baptism, and marriage. If he cannot conscientiously perform these rites in the manner desired, he refers the persons to another chaplain or a local minister.

A churchman of one of the largest Protestant communions exclaimed: "Many of our finest pastors, following college and seminary training and civilian pastoral experience, enter the chaplaincy. There they render preaching, pastoral, and counseling services. . . . They are missionaries in the truest sense of the word. They rejoice over large evangelistic results (frequently baptizing more than a hundred people a year). Often

young men and women dedicate themselves to full-time Christian service under their leadership." One has only to attend a chaplain's retreat to realize the high caliber of men that we have in the chaplaincy.

Opportunities for spiritual guidance and growth are available to each young man who enters the armed forces. As in civilian life, each boy can find great joy and purpose through his "other vocation" of service to Christ. The chapel program makes this possible. Choir members, teachers, ushers, scout assistants, and other leaders are almost always needed. A serviceman's friendship with the chaplain will have a lasting effect for good on his life.

Many chaplains realize that it is helpful for young men in military service to continue a church relationship similar to that of their home church. They then encourage the boys to attend church in town. There the young men have fellowship with young women, as well as with men of their own age. They are able to participate in the kind of church life to which they are accustomed. Although at one time some churches in military areas received servicemen coldly (as did townspeople generally), now most churches receive them with a warm welcome. Many churches try to get the names of servicemen of their communion who are in the area in order to give them a personal invitation to their activities and services. Some churches also provide "military" or "associate" memberships, so that servicemen stationed nearby for a period of time may relate themselves fully to the local church without breaking their ties with the church back home. Most servicemen do not want "special programming" on their behalf.

Consequently, our churches are striving to make them feel "at home" and encourage them to take an active part in the regular work and fellowship of the church.

Parents who are concerned about the spiritual and moral welfare of their sons should be pleased to know of this interest in servicemen on the part of chaplains and local churches. But they should be mindful of the fact that these resources can be of benefit to each man only in proportion to his response and participation. He is not under compulsion to attend chapel or church or to engage in any religious activities. Considerable responsibility, therefore, still devolves upon the parents and home church. Their continued encouragement can help greatly.

Some chaplains believe that military service tends to "sharpen" a man's moral behavior. If he is basically good, his moral strength will be more sharply delineated in military service. If he is morally weak, he will be inclined to take the path of least resistance. Consequently, it is vitally important that parents and home church give their youth strong moral preparation for military service.

Parents must encourage young people to look to the future, to make decisions rather than drift, and to realize the perils and needs of contemporary society and find ways in which they can best serve it. Then young men will develop positive attitudes toward military service and avoid the pitfalls of bitterness and self-pity while they are in training. The influence of Christian families, with their spirit of sharing, their sense of fairness in the interplay of give-and-take, their impartation of faith and moral values, aided by

(Continued on page 30)



Illustration by Winifred Jewell



"I'm not going home with you,"

Kathy said coldly. "You look terrible," she added spitefully. Shamed and shocked, Nora turned away.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em Alone

by Helen Rothrock

"Honey," Nora began hesitantly. It was that last hour of the day. The children were in bed, and the evening belonged to her and Sam. She hated to bring unpleasantness into it; but this was important, and she plunged ahead.

"Is it the children or us? We never just talk with them anymore. It's always an argument."

Sam, chuckling over the funnies, grunted something about the kids being at the age when their parents didn't know anything.

After a few moments of thought, Nora replied, "I wonder, Sam. I just wish I knew whether other families have all this bickering."

There was real concern in Nora's tone, and Sam laid his paper down and looked at her.

"I always thought that they were pretty good kids," he said. "They're getting along O.K. at school, aren't they?"

"Oh, I know they aren't bad," Nora replied quickly. "They're basically honest and good and kind, but they're so irresponsible about smaller things, home chores, for instance. They just don't seem to know what responsibility is. I have to remind them of even the most routine things. If they don't begin now to learn integrity in little things, how can we hope that they will have it later?"

some of it. But Kathy at 15 was just as bad. She had to be made to practice her piano lessons, though she was really quite talented and enjoyed playing at church and school.

In fact, Nora thought wearily, sometimes Kathy was almost insolent. Something should certainly be done about that, too. She glanced enviously at Sam, now dozing in his chair.

After the children had gone to school the next morning, things looked brighter. As a matter of fact, Nora realized guiltily, things always looked brighter when the children were gone.

It was a sunny morning. She

had hated it. But it had not kept her from having Ted and Sammy.

And now this cold-war atmosphere had crept into their home. Nora knew she was willing to do whatever was necessary to work this out, too. The trouble was, she didn't know just what to do, and there was no one to help.

It was just between her and the children. Sam got along with them. In fact, Sam seemed to enjoy them. It had been quite a while since she had thought of her children in terms of pleasure.

Nora heard the far-off ring of the phone and hurried downstairs.

"Gee, I was beginning to think maybe you weren't home." Kathy



When she left the house, Nora knew that she would never make it. Still, she almost ran along the quiet streets.

Sam looked surprised. "I don't think it's so serious as all this, Nora," he said. "Maybe they aren't so polite as they would be with strangers, but then we aren't either. It's too bad, but I think it's perfectly normal." He watched her anxiously a moment; and when she said nothing, he returned to his paper.

Later, setting the table and measuring the coffee for next morning's breakfast rush, Nora was still troubled. If Sam were with the children as much as she, he would surely see.

They hung their clothes only when Nora insisted. Their toys and games were left scattered until she reminded them to put them away. In fact, Nora sometimes did the picking up herself to keep the toys from being lost or broken. They didn't even remember to brush their teeth! And they argued about it when she reminded them.

The boys, Ted, 12, and Sammy, 8, might be expected to outgrow

threw open the bedroom windows and set about changing the beds. Now she could believe her worry of the night before was unfounded. She knew teen-agers had a reputation for being unreasonable. Probably ten years from now it would be funny or completely forgotten. "Ten years," Nora said aloud, "is a long time."

Ten years! Ten years ago they had had other troubles, and now time had swallowed them up. She remembered how disillusioned she had been the first time she and Sam had disagreed seriously. She had felt cheated. Marriage was not what she had thought it would be. But she had been willing to ride over the bumps, and so had Sam.

Nora remembered the last weeks of waiting during the hot summer that Kathy was born. She had not dreamed that she would feel so lumpy, so awkward. The doctor had ordered her to stay off her feet. She had sat watching the gay, young summer whirl by, and she

sounded relieved. "The contest is this morning, and I left my music at home. Will you bring it over?"

Nora remembered the contest with a start. She should have thought to remind Kathy to take her music. She would have even forgotten if Kathy hadn't called.

She ran upstairs. The contest was at 11:00. It was 10:30 now. If she had only kept the car today. This sort of thing seemed to happen more and more often. The children all had their clubs and social obligations, and Nora had trouble remembering them all.

When she left the house, Nora knew that she would never make it. Still she almost ran along the quiet streets. It was fifteen blocks to the school. If she could get there before the contest was over, maybe Kathy could play last. But when she reached the school, people were beginning to leave the big auditorium.

Panting and suddenly very conscious of her wild hair and un-

pressed skirt, she looked about for Kathy. Finally, she found her, crying by herself in the washroom. Quietly, Nora put an arm about the girl's shaking shoulders. "I know it meant a lot to you honey," she said. "I'm awfully sorry."

"You didn't care enough to bring the music on time," Kathy sobbed.

"Darling, you're being unfair. I tried." Nora pointed out. Kathy had worked all year on her contest number. Her teacher had thought she had a good chance. Nora's heart was wrung with pity as she watched the distraught girl.

"Get your coat," she said gently. "We'll stop at the Malt Shop on the way home. We'll both feel better."

"I'm not going home with you," Kathy said coldly. "You look terrible," she added spitefully.

Shamed and shocked, Nora turned away. Other girls were beginning to come in. As naturally as she could, she said, "See you at home them," and hurried out.

Nora didn't notice the home-going students who pushed about her. Dismay filled her and left no room for logic. For Kathy to speak to her in such a way in front of other people! The situation was worse than she had dreamed. If she could only know what to do.

All of Kathy's life she had been taught kindness and consideration by word and by example. Yet she was becoming more and more inconsiderate. What *could* she do, she thought.

At home Nora peeled the potatoes and watched the street for Kathy. The boys came home, but she scarcely knew they were there.

Nora thought first in terms of punishment for this flagrant misconduct. As the minutes ticked away and there was no Kathy, Nora realized she was willing to forgive Kathy and forget discipline.

At 6:00 o'clock Kathy walked casually in and threw her coat across a chair. She was pale and quiet.

Sam arrived right behind her, and Nora served dinner immedi-

ately. After five minutes Kathy asked to be excused. When she had gone to her room, Sam glanced at Nora. "What's the matter with her?" he asked, mystified.

"Just not hungry, I guess," Nora said. She would not tell Sam about this before the boys.

Nora finished her own dinner quickly and hurried upstairs. She wasn't going to let Kathy suffer, waiting and wondering what was to happen. She would just tell her she realized how overwrought she had been at not being able to play in the contest. Then they would forget the whole thing.

When Nora entered Kathy's room, the girl was sitting in front of her dressing table brushing her hair. She looked anything but remorseful. She spoke with irritation, "Don't you think you could do me the courtesy of knocking before you enter my room?"

Nora was taken off guard. "Courtesy!" she exclaimed. "How can you talk to me about courtesy after the way you spoke to me this afternoon?"

Kathy looked patient. "I suppose I shouldn't have lost my temper with you, even if you did make me lose my chance in the contest," she said coolly.

She still thinks I'm wrong, Nora thought, unbelieving. She turned, unable to speak, and went to her own room. With the door shut, she sat down to try to think calmly. What had gone wrong?

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." But what about all the years before he is old, she thought wildly. What happens if you train and train the child, and he never follows your training at all?

Nora thought of the years that she had spent being sure that her children attended meetings on time. She had always insisted that they fulfill social obligations. Homework had always come before play. She had insisted on personal cleanliness.

Bamm! Something hit the side of the house, and Nora jumped. In a second she realized it was only Ted and Sammy playing a

game of catch below her window. She could hear their conversation, too.

"I still think you'd better go start on that homework, Sammy," Ted was advising.

"Oh, there's no hurry," Sammy replied easily.

"Nicky said you fellows had extra work tonight. It'll be bedtime in an hour."

"I'm gonna ask Mom to help me," Sammy confided. "You know I'll get it done. She won't let me go to school without finishing all the problems."

"Gee, if it's arithmetic, you'd better get Dad to help," Ted said, and both boys laughed. Nora smiled feebly. Her arithmetic was a family joke.

"I don't think Dad would do it," Sammy replied. Nora was indignant. Sam was very good about helping the children when they needed it.

And then she saw that that was the catch. Sammy didn't really need help. He was perfectly able to work his own arithmetic if he would give himself time. He was deliberately letting it go, knowing she would see that it was done before he went to school!

Nora's thoughts raced. She saw with sudden new vision that this was the whole problem. She had not taught her children responsibility! She had taught them that Mother would see that they did the right thing—that Mother would not let them get into trouble!

Why, last year at contest time Kathy had forgotten her music, too. Only last year Nora had happened to have the car.

Nora thought of other trips that she had made to the school with forgotten books and forgotten homework. Only last Christmas Sammy had forgotten his shepherd's costume on the day of the Christmas play. Sammy's school was closer. She had been able to hurry over with the costume, pinning him into it just in time for him to go on stage.

Sammy hadn't seemed worried at all, she remembered. He had known all the time that she would

(Continued on page 28)



photo by erb

Often, it is desirable for parents to take an active part in church organizations in which their children and teen-agers belong. Teaching a church school class or sponsoring a youth group or scout troop often gives Mom and Dad a new insight into their children's behavior.

Jim was in trouble. Mr. Clarke was partly to blame. It had seemed too much trouble, last fall, to get Jim into the young people's group at the church. So Jim had joined the neighborhood boys who were finding their fun where they could, and now this!

Jim was scared by the prospect that the judge of the juvenile court painted. But then he started going to the church group. He liked the kids at the church and soon was busy and happy with them. Mr. Clarke found himself enjoying the transportation business.

"Sometimes I wonder," he remarked to his wife one evening as they munched hamburgers with a devoted group of teen-agers whom they were chaperoning, "what would have happened to Jim if we hadn't had the church to turn to!"

How many of us look upon the church as an organization which makes demands? Proposes duties? Requires sacrifices? Takes our energy, time, and money? Is it all the time saying to us, "I want you to—"?

Is it, instead, an ally, offering us help?

Many problems become more difficult rather than less so when we turn down the peculiar facilities of the church for handling them. Mrs. Jones had a boy-struck teen-age girl. She withdrew from everything because "Gertrude needs me," then lost touch with Gertrude's activities because she had no excuse for being a part of them.

Mrs. Lewis saw boy trouble ahead and took the chairmanship of the social activities of her daughter



Your

Charlotte's group. Mrs. Lewis was popular and wise and was soon involved in out-of-church activities of the teen-agers. The church offered Mr. Lewis a chance to get acquainted with the boys that Charlotte dated and to influence the scouts to be what he and the church wanted them to be.

Why not take advantage of the helps that the church offers for doing that job of raising your teen-ager in the way most helpful to his future? Alone you worry and fret. Together with your ally, the church, you have a rich and rewarding experience of satisfactory growth. Or, take the guidance of your young children in their awakening understanding of God and in the practice of daily devotion to him.

"I just don't like the old prayer we children were taught," states young Mrs. Thomas. So she lets things drift and does nothing. "Give me a child," says the Roman Catholic church, "until he is seven." Mrs. Thomas and others like her are too often giving those first vital seven years to—nothing.

"I don't know what to do," remarks Mrs. Will gaily, "but I'm not worried. The church will help me." She takes time to find out just what the church has for her two-year-old, and what might be wise procedures at home. She tells the stories and sings the songs and guides small David to sense what prayer is, as they say "thank-you" to God almost any time during the day. The church will help you to fill those first seven precious years with a firm foundation, a secure feeling for God and our relationship to him. It short-cuts the seemingly impossible. It makes easy that which would be hard without its help.

"What shall we do for vacation this year?" wonders Pop. He cannot afford to take the family to the beach. While he is perfectly willing to paint the house, it won't be a particularly thrilling two

Ally - the Church



by Grace W. McGavran

weeks for the rest of the family. "If only we could do something interesting together."

"How about family camp?" suggests the church. "You need some help in finding common interests with your growing boys and girls. The children will be with the right sort of leaders, and you'll have fun as well as recreation."

The church offers a good many opportunities for recreation not only for families, but for different age groups; times when new friends can be made and recent friendships made stronger; when hearts open to each other and understanding takes the place of indifference or dislike. The church is your ally. "Together," says the church, "we can have some very good times."

We live in a world charged with confusion and turmoil. Its people press in upon us, through radio, television, newspapers, magazines. Too often we find our children developing an intolerance toward those of other races that we ourselves as children never felt. "I am simply appalled at the point of view of Carl and James," said one college professor. "They are as bigoted as the old men of my day." The professor had never used his ally, the church, as his boys grew up, to help them to see the world from the Christian viewpoint.

Frank, on the other hand, has a different point of view. He knows something of what lies beneath the evils and difficulties of peoples both in this country and abroad. He has no bitter sense of frustration and dislike. Because the church has helped him to see, to understand, and to take a hand in helping, he is tolerant and determined to do his share in making a better world. The church was the ally of his parents, and they took full advantage of what it had to offer.

Most people have a keen desire to help. There is much heartache in this world of ours, and we want to do something. But how? The church is our

ally. There is no agency in the world that so cheaply conveys our dollars and gifts. From bringing a whole family over to this country and setting them up in a new life, to dispatching a bar of soap to where it is most needed, the church knows the way. It takes care of sending money to its desired end; it sets women to knitting baby socks. The church can point the path. If your heart needs warming, as a family group, just let the church help you find a project.

The family has other needs. It needs to worship together. The church says, "Here are books, stories, helps in choosing scripture, poems, pictures, devotions, that will make your own family life richer as you make a place in it for thoughts to turn to God." The church can help you to plan family worship, and guide you in those lovely moments when Father or Mother seek to help each child to establish helpful and meaningful habits of private devotion.

In so many realms the church says, "You want to do this; you really want to. But you don't quite know how. I can tell you how other families have done it. I want you to add your experience to that which has gone before."

Music, books, singing, crafts, worship, learning, help in sickness, advice in trouble, a hand over the rough spots, fun, friendship, and fellowship, the chance to serve, growing as Christian members of a Christian family—the church is your ally. It will take time to use the church's proffered help. But time is what you are using every day. Your choice is whether to take the hard road and a path through the wilderness alone, or to let the church take you quickly over an established path, marked by the feet of those who have gone before, widened by the comradeship of those who are walking there now.

The church is your ally. Join hands with it and face life with greater confidence and richer results.

by Robert G. Torbet

YOU OWE IT TO

"She never goes anywhere, Mary doesn't. Always spends her free time at home with her folks. It doesn't seem quite fair, you know, but after all they are getting on in years. In fact, they are not well enough to look after themselves." Mrs. Jones's comment was typical of the whole town's general appraisal of Mary's situation. With few exceptions, the conclusion expressed by Mrs. Jones was accepted by the town folk. Mary Brown, a woman just past forty-five, was regarded as the spinster who cares for her aging parents.

Attractive in appearance and businesslike in demeanor, Mary was greatly respected by the town's people. They had known her for most of her life. As the last of five children, she had grown up among older children. At varying steps in her development, she witnessed in turn the marriage of her three brothers and her only sister. To her parents, Mary was the baby of the family; and even after she had grown to maturity, they seemed reluctant to think of her as an adult. Mary's brothers

and sister contentedly smiled over the "closeness" of Mom and Dad to their youngest child.

"How nice for their declining years," they often commented, "that Mary is so capable and devoted to the folks at home. And, of course, you know, she never has been one to give much thought to the boys. So, I guess Mom and Dad can count on her all right."

So it was that Mary found herself the head of the household. Her brothers and sister contributed small and at times even negligible amounts to the upkeep of the old home. Beyond these token expressions of responsibility, however, they gladly left the main support of their parents to "Sis." Mary was capable. She enjoyed home life and organized the household duties efficiently so that her work at the office during week days did not hamper the smooth functioning of "her little family." Evenings and week ends she usually spent at home, largely because her parents liked it that way. There was another reason also, she had to admit to

herself—the sad fact that she was seldom invited anywhere.

It had not always been so. In her younger days she had received frequent invitations, even some urging, from her friends to get away from home and have fun. Her closeness to her parents and her own sensitive conscience about her responsibility to them as they leaned on her prompted her again and again to turn down, not without regret, most of the invitations which came her way. After a time, the number of social opportunities declined. Eventually, they stopped almost altogether—not because Mary was not liked, but because her role of caring for her parents had become accepted and respected.

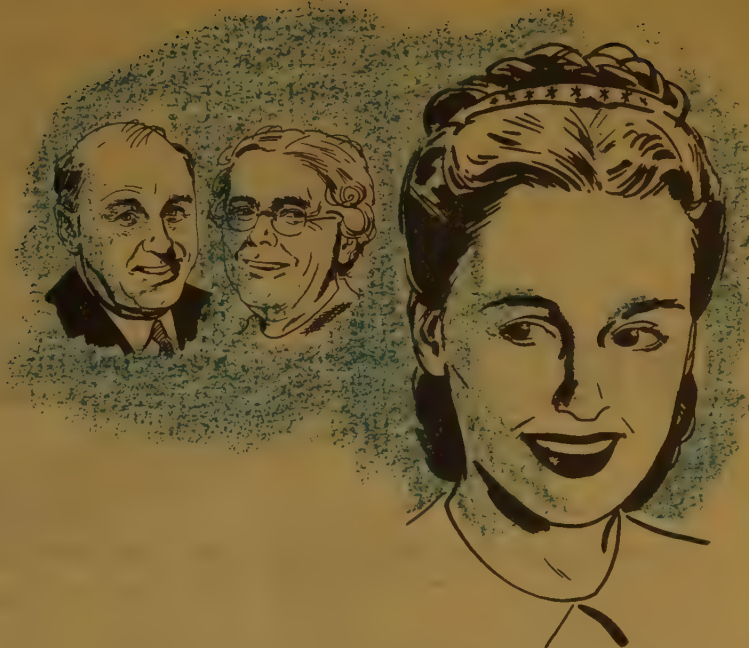
Mary is typical of many single persons who have shouldered responsibility to aging parents gladly and without thought of self. Then, as the years pass, these individuals are more and more accepted in the community as "that fine son or daughter who takes care of his parents." All too often, such people are taken for

photo by erb



If you are single and live at home with your parents, you owe it to yourself to mingle occasionally with other people your own age.

YOURSELF



granted. Many think of them only as single persons who live at home with their parents. They are not included among the married couples who have families, and many times, they are forgotten by the more carefree, younger, unmarried set. As they grow older, they do not seem to fit neatly into any social category in the church or the community. Yet, these people shoulder a family responsibility as truly as do others their age who have children of their own; but they don't have the satisfactions which married people enjoy.

The purpose of this article is to show you who must care for parents that you owe it to yourself to maintain your own individuality and personal integrity, while at the same time fulfilling cheerfully and willingly your responsibility to your parents. This thought can be expressed in four simple suggestions.

1. *You owe it to yourself to think for yourself.* This is important because being constantly with your parents deepens within you the groove of childhood dependence. In many instances, it is easier for you to accept the dictates of your parents than it is to think for yourself, or to resist the parental demand for compliance with their wishes. Yet, no person can afford not to resist this tendency if he is to retain his individuality. This must be done in a kindly but firm manner. By the same token, it is important to encourage your parents to think for themselves, and to respect your individuality. Indeed, mutual respect at this point contributes much to happy relations between you and your parents.

2. *You owe it to yourself to have your own social life.* Age

differences are important barriers to a community of interests even within the family. The person who is in his fifties or sixties does not usually have the interest or the energy for the kind of social life and recreation which appeals to persons who are in their late twenties or thirties. Where the relationship between a parent and a son or daughter is particularly close, there may be a mutual enjoyment of similar social activities for a brief period of years. But, as the parent grows older, his changing interests and declining physical energy combine to make it difficult to maintain the former rapport. The basis of companionship will necessarily shift from activities to the quieter sharing of ideas and comradeship.

Moreover, if during these years the parents lean heavily on you for companionship, there may develop an undue pressure on you to adapt your social life to the needs of your parents. In so doing, you may actually cut yourself off increasingly from fellowship with persons of similar age. This often results in a deepening sense of loneliness and an apprehensiveness about the future. For the person who does not feel intimately a part of his own generation faces the prospect of an extreme isolation when the death of his parents ultimately deprives him of their companionship. Every person needs to have a circle of friends of his own age

if he is to be spared from the loneliness which accompanies being separated from one's own generation.

3. *You owe it to yourself to have a vacation from your responsibility each year.* There are those who never feel free to leave their post of duty. In consequence, they bear continuously, year after year, the burdens of ever-present demands upon them. The result is strain and tension.

It is good for you to get away from the immediate demands which dependents make upon you if only for an occasional week end, or for a week or two once or twice a year. This can be done by wise planning and with the co-operation of friends. It requires also the understanding and co-operative effort of the parents involved. Unless your parents are unduly possessive and demanding, they will see the wisdom of a vacation for you. Even if they fail to understand this need, you still owe it to yourself to plan for such a respite from responsibility. For only as there is this periodic release will you bear up wisely and well under their demands.

4. *You owe it to yourself to be a well-balanced person.* This is the goal toward which every dedicated Christian should work. It is a part of one's Christian stewardship to be a well-rounded, fully developed person. This cannot be

(Continued on page 28)

WHAT TO DO ABOUT

JEALOUSY

Most of us know people who are troubled by the green-eyed monster. This article tells how to deal with them.

"How do you deal with jealousy?" Anne Newton asked.

The quiet, sunny office of Miss Grayson, the church counselor, invited one to come to grips at once with a problem.

She added half apologetically, "There's no particularly religious angle to what's bothering me, you see."

Mary Grayson smiled. "Are you sure? Isn't every personal problem related to what we believe and live by? We'll see as we talk whether this is true of yours. Are you speaking of a child or an adult, and what is the story?"

"This is a man, Mr. A., I'll call him, and it's a long story. Just in general, I mean, how can you treat a jealous person?"

"There's no 'general' treatment where an individual is concerned—except that it's always safe and sound to be intelligently kind."

"Oh." Mrs. Newton's face clouded with disappointment. "I thought perhaps there was some trick to handling it."

"Most of us long to find a trick—I think you mean a short cut—to solve our deepest problems simply. But there can't be any short cuts in building human relationships, can there?"

"Why, I never thought about that."

"Well, they're a matter of growing, and the same as in a person or a plant, growing can't be forced and be healthy. Tell me about your contact with Mr. A."

"He's wealthy. He 'has everything,' as the saying goes. Yet often when we meet, he makes some cutting remark about me or my family. He can be bitter, almost violent. Then in between times he's friendly and generous. Very lavish with gifts, in fact."

"Which would indicate that he does feel sorry he hurt you."

"Perhaps. He referred to my daughter's boy friend, who is French, as a 'jabbering foreigner.' He scoffs at us because we 'never get away from each other,' he says, as a family. We do enjoy doing

many things together. It never seemed abnormal to me—I've been glad it's so."

"Indeed you should be. It may not be usual nowadays, but it's normal. Even from what you've said so far, one thing is evident: He hasn't 'everything.' He feels that you have something vital that he lacks."

"How do you mean that?"

"What about his own family? Are the members affectionate and close?"

"Goodness, no. He and his wife are separated, and his grown-up children live miles away and never come back to see him."

"Then he really envies you your own happy family life. He tries to belittle its importance *to him* in order to ease his pain. Of course, it doesn't work. Making another person uncomfortable can't possibly reflect comfort to ourselves. Maybe he envies your daughter's world view of friendship, too. Do you know anything about his childhood?"

Ann Newton made an impatient movement with her hands. "Nothing at all. It's *now*, as a grown man, that he troubles us. What difference does his childhood make?"

"All the difference in the world. Actually, he hasn't outgrown his childhood. Can you remember jealousies in your children when they were small? It's a natural sign of their developing individuality. If it's treated wisely by parents, they do outgrow it."

"Well, I hadn't considered that my husband and I were exceptionally wise." A smile flickered in Anne's eyes. "But Helen and Jeff did get over that phase years ago."

"Then you were sensible, understanding parents. I have in mind a family where the first little girl, Alice, let's call her, was overpetted and overprotected, especially during an illness. When her sister was born, she couldn't bear to share her parents' affection. She lost her appetite, didn't sleep at night. She broke Jean's playthings and struck her unless she was watched. Her mother would pet her or slap her, according to her mood at the moment. The only



by Marjorie S. Watts

place she behaved and ate and slept properly was with her paternal grandmother, who laid out a daily routine for her and ignored her complaints. As a young woman, Alice is now jealous of everybody else's good fortune and is a very unhappy person."

Mrs. Newton looked puzzled. "But I should think she would outgrow it, like freckles or—or being thin, for instance."

"Our bodies are sometimes able to adjust themselves with less help than our minds. Alice's mind and heart didn't have the help that your children had. If lack of experience with love and confidence are planted early and are continually emphasized, they can be uprooted later only by acquiring the keenest self-understanding. Often this requires expert counseling."

"What you're telling me," Anne Newton said with a discouraged sigh, "is that there's nothing whatever that we can do about Mr. A's attacks. It seems unfair, for I don't believe my family deserves them."

Mary Grayson shook her head. "No, that isn't what I mean to tell you. We're all likely to meet this sort of criticism now and then, and we have to avoid taking it personally. There's no question of 'deserving' it, because it isn't based on fact or logic. A person with this illness isn't reasonable; and if we try to argue with him, he becomes less so."

"You say 'illness'?"

"In an adult, violent jealousy is an illness. Now, suppose Mr. A. were ill of, say, cerebral palsy. How would you treat him?"

"Why, naturally, I'd understand it wasn't his fault and he couldn't help it. I'd try to be tactful and overlook the trouble. But it's easier to be patient with physical disease."

"Yes, that has been true. It has seemed as though anybody with a sick mind could control it if he wished, but he has to know how. Exactly as in physical disease, the cause can run deep and need specific healing. You yourself have just now summed up the beginning of the treatment."

Mrs. Newton's eyes widened with surprise. "How did I do that?"

"You mentioned *understanding* and *tact* and *patience*. If Mr. A. had had these as a child, he wouldn't be a jealous man now. There's a good chance that if you persistently offer them, he'll be baffled for a time; but later they will help him think his way to the healing he needs."

"You know," Anne Newton observed thoughtfully, "we have tried to be kind, and I've suspected he's already puzzled. Sometimes I'm sure he wants to ask us why we don't strike back. If he ever does, you've shown me what to say. Simply, 'You're our friend, and we love you.' All we need, then, is courage to keep on."

"The same as in all our human relationships, including those on a world scale. Big, complicated problems can't be settled in a hurry. The only magic is the magic you just spoke of—love. You told me that there was no religious angle to your problem. Do you still think that?"

"The fact is, I was unconsciously praying when I came in. A verse had come into my mind: 'Show me Thy way, O Lord.' I can't thank you enough, Miss Grayson, for the answer."

"You understand I'm only the channel through which it came," Mary Grayson said as she shook hands. "Here's another verse for you. 'Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; know and it shall be opened unto you.' You can be the channel through which Mr. A. resumes growing at the point where he left off years ago."

Several weeks later Mary Grayson had a phone call from Anne Newton. Mr. A., she reported, had come to her and her husband in tears and with great difficulty begged, "Tell me how in God's name I can find some of the serenity and contentment you people have!"

"He thought he was swearing, but to my husband and me it sounded like a prayer. He's willing to talk with you. May I send him?" she asked.

"You certainly may. You might say he's started on his convalescence. And it's you and your husband who have led him to the next necessary step—an open mind and heart."



Cy La Tour and Son

No matter how hard I try, nothing happens.

Louise will never believe me when I tell her that the car broke down again.

Clarence Koch



Of course you can have the recipe, darling. There's nothing to it, really.

George Adkins



Pretending

Undoubtedly, kids have been emulating their oldsters since the world began. Little girls want to be "just like Mommy," and little boys think that there is no one quite like Pop. Sometimes their attempts to appear grown-up are amusing, as you can plainly see by these pictures.

... Now, since my baby left me ...

I bathe her at least ten times a day during the summer. She suffers dreadfully from prickly heat and diaper rash, you know.

Frederic Lewis



Herta Newton

Be careful! I've got on my blue suede shoes.

Walter Pfeffer



Worship in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

Our Church

The family had been to church, and now they were eating dinner.

"Mother," Greg said, "What's snow?"

"Snow?" Mother repeated in surprise. "What made you ask that?"

"My teacher at church talked about snow. What is it?"

"Oh," Mother said, "it snows in the winter in some parts of our country. It is white, and wet, and cold. I don't like it! I'd much rather live where the sun shines all the year, and where the trees never lose their leaves."

"But what is it?" Greg wanted to know.

"You know how water freezes in the refrigerator to make ice cubes," Daddy began, and Greg nodded. "Something like that happens in the sky when little drops of water freeze in the clouds. Then they fall to the ground in snowflakes. I think it is beautiful, even if it is cold and wet."

"I'd like to see it," Greg said.

"Perhaps you can, some day," Mother answered.

"There are a lot of beautiful things to see around here, too," Daddy said.

"What?" Greg asked.

"Let's take a walk this afternoon and find out," Daddy suggested.

When they started out, the family began to climb the hill behind their house.

"I know what's on the hill," Greg said. "There are lots of trees; there are lots of birds in summer; there are wild strawberries there, too."

"Everything you have named is beautiful," Mother said, "but you named the things we see in summer."

"Let's see what's there now," Daddy said.

As Mother, Daddy, and Greg climbed higher and higher, they came to dark spaces where it was hard to see anything.

"Where are we?" Greg asked. "I can't see."

"When we get to the top of the hill, you can see," Daddy assured him.

"What will I see?" Greg asked.

"Wait and find out!" Daddy said with a laugh.

Suddenly, they came out into an open spot at the top of the hill. Greg could see for miles around in all directions.

"What do you see now?" Daddy asked, smiling.

Greg stood still. In one direction he could see a lake that he never saw before. In another, he saw the sun going down behind a hill. He turned once more. He caught his breath. "I see our house," he said, "and there's our church. They are pretty!"

"Home and church are the most beautiful places we know," Mother said softly. Then they started home.

A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.



A Bible Verse

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the LORD!"

—Psalm 122:1.

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

What Is the Church?

When you think of, or talk about the church, what is in your mind? Is it the building? Is it your own particular classroom or space? Is it your classmates or your own group of friends? Is it some experience that you have had?

Think back to your church school sessions about the church. Does that help you to form a different idea of the church?

Talk this question over in your family group. Try to come to a decision about your church. It may help you if you make a list of all the things you can think of about your church. Every member of your family may help in this. What every person says is important. Put all of them together. Then discuss them and try to come to a group decision that will satisfy all. Your list may look like this:

The church is a building.

It is where you work and play.

It is where you worship.

It is where you serve.

It is where you learn about God and Jesus.

It is where you learn how to live with others.

It is where other members of your family, and of other families, have the same kind of experiences.

It is where you have good friends.

It is where you learn to work together.

It is where you learn about other people around the world.

It is where you learn about other churches around the world.

It is where you plan to help others who need help.

It is where you receive help when you need it.

It is where your friends receive help, too.

It is where you make friends you never have seen, and whom you never may see.

It is a feeling of doing the same things that other members of your family do, and other members of other churches do, both here at home and around the world.

It is God's house.

It is a place of prayer.

It is a fellowship as close as the one sitting next to you, yet as wide as the whole world.

When Sunday Comes

When Sunday comes, we go to church—

My family and I.

It's such a friendly little church,

We couldn't pass it by—

With windows wide and welcome door,

And steeple in the sky.

And so we go to worship there,

My family and I.

—Mary Peacock¹

¹From *Story World*, copyright, The Judson Press. Used by permission.

My Church

Here is the place where I like to be,
Where friends are loving as can be,
Thank you, God, for my church.

This is the room where I love to go,
To see the colored windows glow,
Thank you, God, for my church.

I like the hush of this quiet place,
See, what it does to every face!
Thank you, God, for my church.

Here's where I came to laugh and play,
To learn to work and sing and pray,
Thank you, God, for my church.

When Jesus was a child like me,
He went to church with his family,
Thank you, God, for our church.

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

A Bible Poem

Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the lands!
Serve the LORD with gladness!
Come into his presence with singing!

Enter his gates with thanksgiving,
and his courts with praise!
Give thanks to him, bless his name!

—Psalm 100:1-2, 4.

A. Devaney, Inc., N. Y.



FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Worship Center: It may help you to worship at home if you arrange a worship center. Use a low table with a picture of your church (or any lovely church), the Bible open at any of the scriptures printed on these pages, and flowers or some nature object.

Call to Worship: We are fellow workmen for God.
—1 Corinthians 3:9.

Poem: Read one of the poems printed on these pages or choose from the following: "Nobody Is Too Young," page 11, primary pupil's book, first year, fall quarter; "Our Church," page 3, or "This Is Our Church," page 16, primary pupil's book, second year, fall; "My Church," page 34, or "All Who Worship," page 47, junior pupil's book, third year, winter.

Discussion: The section, "What Is the Church?" may be used in family worship. Make your own list about the church, or use the list given there.

Litany: Use the litany (or responsive prayer), "My Church," printed on page 19.

Song: Sing the song printed on this page, or choose from the following: "We Love Our Church, O God," page 19, primary pupil's book, first year, fall; "The Church," page 6, or "I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me," page 9, primary pupil's book, second year, fall; "Within Our Quiet Church, O God," page 8, primary pupil's book, third year, fall; "Forward Through the Ages," page 12, junior pupil's book, second year, fall.

Prayer: Thank you, dear God, for the church and what it means to us as a family. Help us to remember that we are the church. Amen.

Our Church

Our church is big and wide and dim,
The ceiling far and high,
The music thunders in my ears,
And then goes whispering by.

Soft colors from the windows shine
On pulpit, pews, and floor;
I feel a quietness round me as
I step within the door.

I put my hands together like
The window's pointed arch,
And as I pray, the quietness
Steals into my heart.

—M. T. W. Whitehead¹

Every Day

I go to church when Sunday comes
To worship like I should,
And show God I remember him
For all his love so good.

But I must not forget that there
Are weekdays one by one,
When I can do so many things
That God needs to have done.

I know he watches over me
And loves me well always.
So good deeds show my thanks to him
Through all the passing days.

—Ellen E. Morrison¹

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Our Dear Church

Source Unknown

C. H. Rinck; alt.

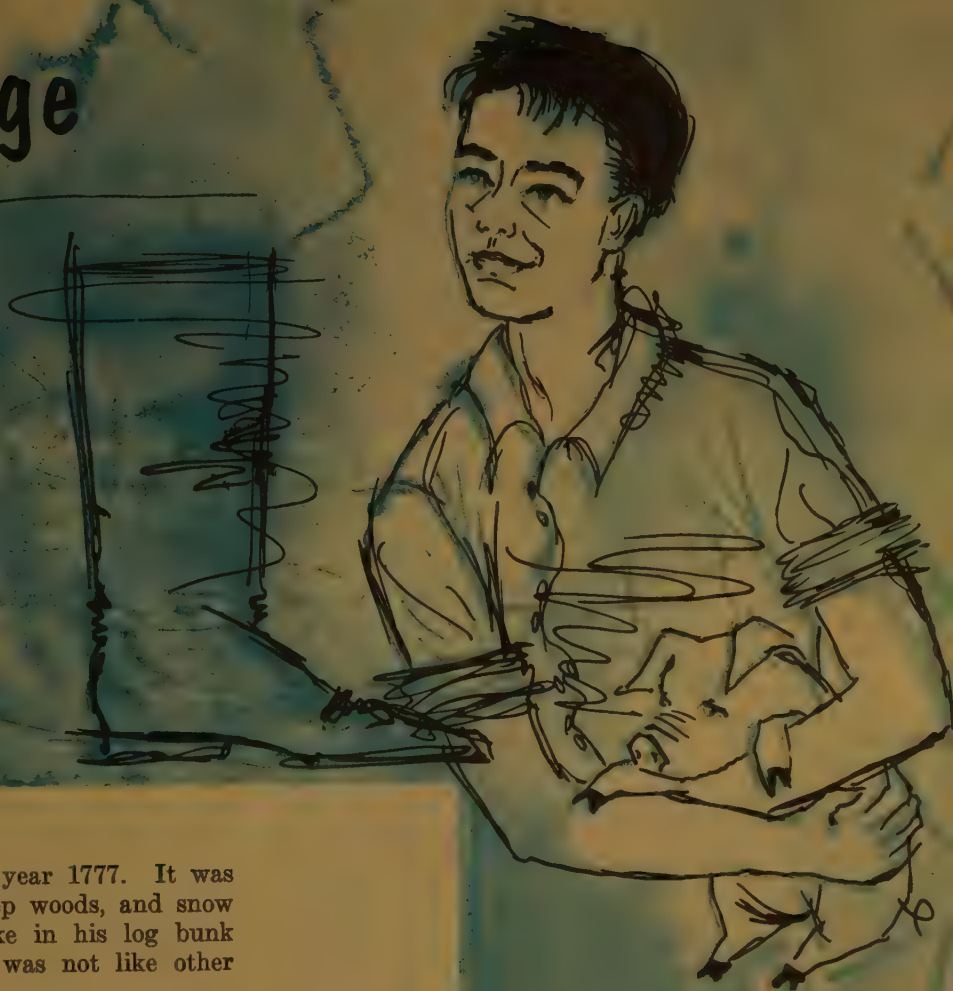
The musical score for "Our Dear Church" is written for a four-part vocal setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear four-part harmony. The lyrics are: "Our dear church was built With love and work and prayer, So that all the neigh - bors Might find wel - come there." The score includes a piano introduction and a final cadence.

Our dear church was built With love and work and prayer,

So that all the neigh - bors Might find wel - come there.

A George Washington Story

illustration by macdonald



It was late December, in the year 1777. It was morning in the rolling hills, deep woods, and snow drifted fields when Philip awoke in his log bunk with the feeling that this day was not like other days.

As soon as his drowsy eyelids were open, he knew why. He was going to Norristown, a village a few miles distant, with his parents, to buy the pebble-finished goat-leather boots that he longed for more than anything else in the world.

Philip lay in his log bunk as though sleeping. He thought of the half-starved piglet three days old, coming from a litter of nine. He had got that pig from a farmer back in the bush in return for piling wood. He thought of the money that he would get on the market today for the pig, now grown large and smooth, of the leather boots that he planned to buy with the money, and these thoughts were far too wonderful to spoil by moving yet.

But presently, Philip began to stretch. He turned his dark touseled head, watching his mother, in full gray skirts, white capped and white aproned, her face as rosy as a winter apple, stir the kettle of cornmeal mush hanging from a crane at the stone fireplace.

She came and leaned over and pinched his cheek.

"La!" she exclaimed fondly. "Have you forgotten what fine day this is?"

Philip grinned, humped up the bed covers, and scrambled out onto the rough-hewn floor. His heart was like a singing bird as he began to dress, pulling on the homespun breeches.

After breakfast Philip began his chores. He knew that before he and his parents could start on the journey, all the regular work about their little place must be done first.

Outside, the morning sun came down like a friendly hand on him as he bent over a pan that he was heaping with snow for his mother's use. Idly, he glanced up and stretched his eyes along the trail. Coming toward him was a figure. On closer view Philip recognized the buff-and-blue uniform of one of General George Washington's Continental soldiers.

As he beheld the stranger cross slowly over the clearing, Philip remembered his parents' conversation about General Washington, the leader in the American Revolutionary War.

What brought one of Washington's men here? Why was he traveling alone?

(Continued on page 30.)



WHO

The quiet moments of evening devotions, precious to each of the Barnett family, were abruptly interrupted by the insistent demand of the doorbell.

"Sorry to disturb you folks," boomed the familiar but now agitated voice of Carl Jenkins, a neighbor from the next block, "but this is too much. We've just got to get together to protect our neighborhood before it's too late. First the Goldsteins came, then the Latanzas, and now a Negro family has bought the old Sheldon house and expects to take possession as soon as settlement can be made. A group of us have gotten up a petition, and have been collecting signatures to let these colored folks know how we feel about having them barge into a respectable Protestant white neighborhood. Maybe it will help them change their minds about coming if they know that they are not wanted here. We need every signature we can get. Your name will carry a lot of weight with some of these timid souls who can't make up their minds to sign."

"Come in, Carl, and sit down. Let's talk this over a bit," came Dad Barnett's friendly invitation. "I think I know why you are taking this action. It isn't because you really hate these newcomers because their religion is different, or because their skins are of another color; it is because you feel that they will bring with them undesirable changes into this staid old neighborhood. Above all, you fear that our property values will depreciate, and in time this will be just another blighted area in our city. Isn't that it?"

"That's right, Joe. I'm glad we see eye to eye on this matter. I was afraid we wouldn't."

"But we don't, Carl, and I'll tell you why. I feel strongly that this petition is a tragic mistake, and without asking them, I know that my family would agree. First of all, such a petition is actually illegal, since our government is pledged to give equal opportunities and privileges to every law-abiding citizen of our land, and if need be, to defend those rights. Even more important, we as Christians by signing such a petition violate the laws of God. As a fellow Christian, Carl, I can't allow you to continue your mission without protest, when it is so obviously wrong."

"You're altogether impractical about this, Joe," insisted Carl. "That's all very well for preachers and idealists, but it just doesn't make sense when one gets down to the hard facts. It isn't only the depreciating property values that hurt; how do you feel about having your young people associating with such riffraff? I don't need to tell you about the rise in delinquency and crime, since we've been invaded by these foreigners."

"What you say is true enough, Carl, but I can't help feeling that had not Christians violated God's laws, by fleeing panic stricken to the suburbs, selling out at ridiculously low figures as though they were fleeing the plague, these areas of blight in our cities could never have been brought into being. Does it make sense to you, Carl, for our churches to send out missionaries to the far corners of the earth, yet turn our backs upon the greatest missionary opportunity that we have ever been given, which lies at our very door? Surely, God is going to hold us just as accountable for our neighbors here, as for those abroad. No, Carl, I can't sign this petition, nor do I understand how you as a fellow Christian can, either."

"When you put it that way, you really make me feel ashamed, Joe," answered Carl thoughtfully. "What exactly, do you think can be done about it?"

"I don't pretend to know the right solution, Carl but running away from it, or violating the laws of God and of man, can't be the way. Surely, it would be better to call together all the interested persons in the community to think the problem through together. The school auditorium is always available."

"That's a thought!" remarked Carl enthusiastically. "Let's get a notice out today, inviting everyone who might be interested. We might ask the Rev. Cadman or even Father Donnelly to preside until we get organized. Then there's Jacob Liebowitz. He's a good lawyer and a levelheaded guy. Maybe he'd be willing to express himself; he wouldn't sign the petition, either."

"Perhaps we could invite the Negroes who bought the Sheldon house," suggested Dad Barrett thoughtfully. "They're probably a fairly well-educated

IS MY NEIGHBOR?

by Orpha B. Kutnow

Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

family and economically responsible, to be able to buy property in this neighborhood. If folks learned to know them, they might not mind having them as neighbors. It's worth a try, anyway."

Thus came into being the first neighborhood forum in the city. In time it became the inspiration for many similar organizations, formed to develop a sense of community responsibility, and to combat unreasoning prejudices, by working out in a Christian and an intelligent way problems common to them all.

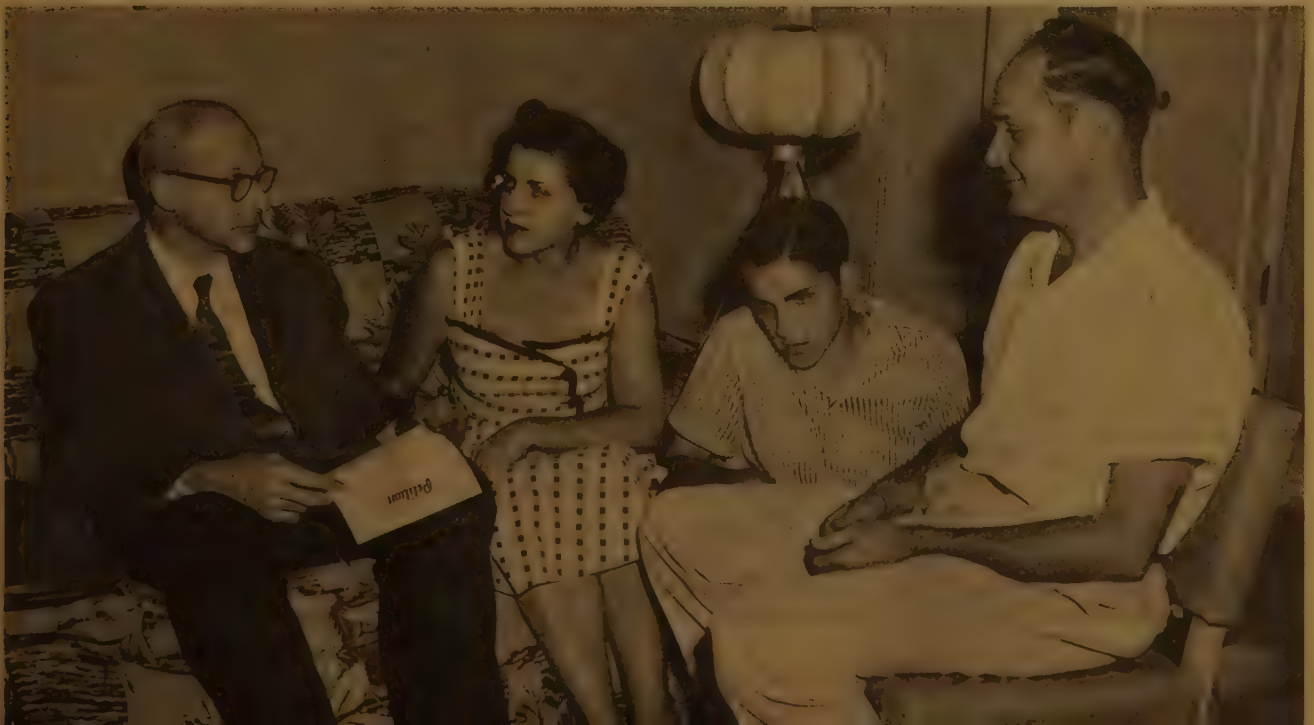
Discussions dealing with various religions, cultures, and races made possible a clearer understanding of one of Christianity's basic truths: God "made from one every nation of men to live on all the face of the earth." (Acts 17:26) Using one of the most comprehensive studies of prejudice ever made, *The*

Authoritarian Personality,* it was clearly pointed out to members of the group that prejudice is closely related to internal conflicts within the personality. Talking over various prejudices together, the members learned that prejudice and peace can never dwell together. They were particularly impressed by the truth stated so well long ago by Tacitus: "It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured." Of particular concern to the group was the bigotry that they discovered in their own children, especially when they realized that the roots of these prejudices were to be found in their own home environments. Parents don't teach prejudice consciously as a rule, but unconsciously by their attitudes or actions, they set a model of discrimination for their children to follow. Children who learn intoler-

*Harper & Bros., publisher, 1952.

"We've just got to get together to protect our neighborhood before it's too late. A group of us have gotten up a petition, and have been collecting signatures to let these colored folks know how we feel about having them barge into a respectable Protestant white neighborhood."

photo by erb



ance first toward those with whom they are unsympathetic, may very easily become just as unsympathetic and unfeeling to those who are close to them, for intolerance is a cancer within the personality.

As interest in the forum grew, its activities branched out. Adult evening classes in art, music, literature, languages, and crafts served to develop mutual interests among those who previously had no common meeting ground. The imperative need for more adequate recreational facilities for the children of the community became the starting point for unified action among interested fathers who formerly had merely complained about the situation. The local scout troops, once withering for lack of leadership, took on new life; a community library, long in the planning stage, began to take form; a talented group of young people organized the "Thespians Club." A closer relationship between the school and the neighborhood was the logical outgrowth of the increased use of school facilities. A sense of pride in

the appearance of the community was whetted by a newly organized garden club, which promptly sponsored a "clean-up, fix-up" month, with special recognition to the family in each block which had done the most to improve the appearance of their property.

The churches especially benefited from this renaissance of neighborhood spirit. After a particularly candid discussion at a forum session, the local ministers formulated a statement on race relationships which in time came to express their churches' position on this question. Attendance at all services improved; special programs were arranged when inter-racial issues were discussed, stressing the scriptural teachings on tolerance. Exchange meetings with churches of other denominations and races were particularly helpful, especially when they were followed by a time of fellowship afterward. The meaning of the various Jewish festivals and holidays was explained to the Protestant children, and in return, the Jewish children were invited to special services

For "Who Is My Neighbor?"

Study Guide

I. Preparation for the Meeting

1. Your aim: to sharpen the consciousness of moral obligation by this group toward the people of their neighborhood, regardless of race, culture, or religion; to push beyond the discussion stage the impulse of the group to act to combat prejudice.

2. Read the article; make it available to as many as will read it.

3. Check the bibliography and secure available references. Send for several copies of free material.

4. Invite well in advance of the meeting a group to participate in the panel. They might include your minister, an educational or recreational director of youth, a parent, a professional or business man, a Roman Catholic, a Jew, an exchange student or displaced person, a Negro, and a second-generation American.

5. Prepare a simple booklet, containing a list of the suggested resources with a few blank sheets for notes. Distribute these before the discussion.

II. Conducting the Meeting

Introduce the panel individually, and turn the discussion over to the leader. The following topics are merely suggestive:

The Minister: What does Christ teach concerning fellowship with our neighbor?

The Professional: What can I do to combat prejudice? Is discrimination practiced on professional levels?

The Parent: How can I as a parent prevent prejudice from taking root in my child?

Youth Leader: In what way does our community foster prejudice among youth? What are practical ways of eliminating it?

The Catholic: Are we working to combat prejudice? Is prejudice diminishing between Catholic and Protestant? What is your solution?

The Jew: Do you meet discrimination in our community? What is its basis? How can we work together against it?

The Second-Generation American: How have we been received in this community? How can the way be smoothed for the newcomers to America?

The Negro: What are your organizations doing to raise the standards of our people? How can we aid each other in building up a better community spirit of neighborliness?

Throw open the discussion to the entire group.

III. Other Subjects for Discussion

a. How can one recognize prejudice within one's own mind?

b. Can two cultures of religion dwell on parallel planes without eventually amalgamating?

c. Is segregation ever desirable?

d. "Prejudice is sometimes a socially acceptable way of expressing resentment." Do you agree?

e. How do you react to statements such as these: "All Scotsmen are stingy," or "All Jews will cheat if given the opportunity," or "If these foreigners don't like our government, they should be sent back to Russia where they belong."

IV. The Summary

To gather together the threads of the discussion and to attempt to answer some of the difficulties that prejudice presents, ask the representatives of these groups to tell briefly what they have done to solve their problem.

(Continued on page 30)

conducted by Protestant church schools. A group of displaced persons, sponsored by one of the church groups, was particularly helped by an English language class sponsored by a women's Bible class. The churches united their forces to help those of the group who needed work; used furniture and clothing were liberally donated to make their adjustment less difficult. Church families were urged to extend frequently Christian hospitality to those of other cultural backgrounds. Servicemen who found themselves stranded in a strange city over a week end were directed by their service organizations to seek out this group of churches which was certain to welcome them with genuine warmth and hospitality. One church sponsored a "Festival of Nations," in which food of various countries was served at appropriately decorated booths, by young people dressed in native costumes. The proceeds of the festival were used by the youth group of the church to assist financially two exchange students, who were

finding living expenses in the city unexpectedly high. A Golden Age club proved to be highly popular among the older folk; working mothers were delighted with a well-staffed nursery school, set up in a church basement, where they could safely leave their small children. A summer day camp for older children, also sponsored by the churches, caused the forum to discuss at length the feasibility of undertaking the purchase of an old farm as a permanent camp for the community.

Barriers of prejudice melted away as the community became more dependent upon the co-operation of every member. The importance of the individual as a necessary part of the pattern which made up the entire community, helped to erase the sense of insecurity, and the loneliness which is so typical of city living. The rapidly changing pattern of every community today makes particularly necessary the development of a spirit of neighborliness which is the essence of Christianity.

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Idaho's capital city -----	17 70 37 45 14
B Outdoor pleasure party -----	90 50 111 38 4 93
C Policeman's club -----	25 78 49 20 56
D Roy Rogers' musical instrument -----	39 27 84 46 9 91
E To one side of -----	1 44 16 94 24 53
F Industrious, not idle -----	48 18 114 26
G Lion tamer's weapon -----	3 52 40 101
H Single ring of a chain -----	61 15 107 57
I Unexpected, swift -----	43 12 54 29 65 99
J Policeman's star -----	55 22 100 64 81
K Oregon's capital city -----	32 87 79 62 72
L Use soap and water -----	60 104 73 112
M Skinny -----	108 67 110 35
N Reasonable -----	77 34 42 75
O Something sweet from a comb -----	10 71 58 113 2

P Stubborn people or animals --	8 96 80 30 97
Q Most worn out or aged -----	7 88 63 68 5 21
R Streamers on kites -----	33 47 19 89 51
S Circle of light around the moon -----	86 106 102 95
T To trample -----	66 109 76 98 36
U Was suffocated in water -----	82 31 11 83 28 92 6
V A feast -----	85 69 103 74 41
W Boy children -----	13 59 23 105

(Solution on page 30)

			1	2		3	4	5	6	7	8
	9		10	11	12	13	14		15	16	
17	18	19	20	21		22	23	24		25	26
	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
38	39		40	41		42	43		44	45	46
47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54		55	56	
57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65		66	67
68		69	70	71	72	73		74	75	76	
77	78	79	80	81	82		83	84	85	86	
87	88	89		90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97
	98	99	100		101	102	103	104	105	106	107
108		109	110	111	112	113	114				



Evenings at Home

by Florence J. Johnson

I looked up as our youngest son heaved a deep sigh. He was sprawled out on the floor, listlessly turning the pages of a magazine.

From him, I glanced toward the others. John, the high school freshman, was supposed to be deep in algebra problems, but he was watching the clock also—for the end of the enforced study period, and the coming on of a favorite TV program. His sister was scowling over a story book, and (I shook my head) nibbling her fingernails as usual. If I could only break her of that habit, I would feel that I had accomplished something. Hubby was dozing over the daily paper.

The family was plainly bored!

As a family we were together, but not *together*.

I looked at the pile of mending I was facing. It seemed that I never really got caught up with it.

"Tom," I said to my husband, as John closed his algebra book, "what were you saying at dinner time—something about the world knowing very little of the fabulous resources of South America?"

"Yes. Read that just recently. Our company is thinking of sending some men down there. They believe that there is unlimited oil and—hold your hats, girls—you can pick up diamonds as you would pebbles!"

"Diamonds!" Alice was interested. What girl isn't?

That started it. The rest of the evening was devoted to a discussion on South America, the lucky families that would go, if and when the company decided to carry on their project. John forgot to tune in for his favorite program, and Frank discarded his magazine in favor of true stories. Before I went to bed that night, I put away a couple of encyclopedias, an old geography, and a file of *National Geographics*. We had discovered that we knew very little about our southern neighbors.

While the evening discussion was in progress, I had thought of something else. We are a music-loving family, but the budget will not cover many tickets to concerts and the symphony orchestras. In the TV news section of the paper, I had seen an an-

nouncement—that a popular orchestra was to appear on TV.

"Next Wednesday," I told the family, as the session on South America ended, "will be a musical evening. I want to hear this orchestra, and I'm sure you do. Yes, John, I know it will conflict with your radio serial, but you have missed it before. Tomorrow I am stopping at the library for the story of this opera from which the selections are to be played. I want to read up on the music before Wednesday."

There was some grumbling, naturally, but I was firm. The books were brought home, and the family read them either in full, or in part.

We enjoyed our TV concert.

This started the ball rolling.

One evening my father brought over some pictures he had taken in Europe when he was there in World War I. Everyone enjoyed looking at the foreign scenes of countries and people. Father recalled that while he was recuperating in England after being wounded, he had become well acquainted with an English family. They had corresponded for some time. Then, the letters were farther and farther apart, and finally they ceased.

"Won't hurt to send a letter," Father mused. "I'd like to hear from them."

He did write, and in no time had a long newsy letter. The letter mentioned different members of the family, where they were, what they were doing. We learned that one branch of the family had come to the United States and was living in a small town not far from us. (Incidentally, we called on them later, and added another family to our group of wonderful friends.)

This letter from England brought on a discussion of what England was like. Members of the family searched the library and brought home books on England, its history, and illustrations of town and country life. The pictures of the big cathedrals started Frank on a hobby—collecting pictures of cathedrals and churches in different countries.

Father's pictures reminded us that we ourselves

had an extensive collection of snapshots. We dug them out and began to sort them. One evening we were looking at some pictures taken when the children were several years younger, and Alice received a shock that she needed.

One picture was of Alice, slouched over a book, and nibbling at her fingernails.

"Oh, no!" she shrieked. "I don't look like that!"

"You sure do," John told her with brotherly candor. "Now you see why Ted won't give you a tumble."

Ted, a football star, was Alice's current crush. That is, until his very obvious avoidance infuriated Alice.

She wouldn't believe she looked like that, but pictures don't lie!

"I'll never put my fingers to my mouth again," she vowed. "I'll tie them up if I have to."

Such drastic action wasn't needed, and she didn't reform over night. In time, however, the habit was broken, and Ted is slowly working his way to the top of Alice's list of boy friends.

"How far is it from Dan to Beersheba?" Frank came running in one Sunday morning.

"How far?" I asked blankly. Then I shook my head. "We'll have to look it up." I added weakly.

That question brought up new subjects for discussion.

We have always had family Bible readings and prayers; but now I began to wonder—just what did we know about biblical history and geography?

That evening we went through our books until we found a good-sized map of Palestine and its neighboring countries, including Egypt, so we could trace

the road the Israelites followed when they crossed the river to escape from Pharaoh and his army.

Not only did we learn the distance between Dan and Beersheba (roughly one hundred and fifty miles, from the northern town of Dan to the southern town of Beersheba), but that phrase is now used figuratively. When one has traveled "from Dan to Beersheba" in an attempt to accomplish something, one has traveled from one end of the country to the other.

Other biblical towns became as well known to us as those in our country. We learned where the city of Ur, the old home of Abraham, was situated. Pictures took us along the narrow streets of Nazareth, to Bethlehem, and to Jerusalem. We climbed Mount Olivet, and stood on the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Our Bible readings have richer meaning. Names and places mean something now. Our related reading in histories and geographies has made us better informed about the land, the animals, and the plants of that section of the world. Books on explorations and archaeological discoveries with their pictures of the ruins, and those that artists have drawn giving their versions of what the buildings may have looked like during the time of David and Solomon, of Jesus and Mary, and those that Paul may well have visited during his travels to Antioch, to Greece, and to Rome, are always on hand now at Bible reading time. Nor do we ignore the present-day problems of Israel. We read and discuss the past and the present. We read the Bible, and our study and discussion have widened our knowledge and made deeper our understanding of the man who walked the roads of Palestine.

(Continued on page 30)

Families can learn to enjoy each other's company by developing mutual interests.



photo by erb

• You Owe It to Yourself

(Continued from page 13)

achieved if you permit circumstances and the pressure of other people's demands to warp and even thwart your personal growth and development. It is also possible to frustrate such an achievement if you fail to make friends by cutting yourself off from others of your own age and interests. Moreover, you will fall short of being a wholesome personality if you do not respect your own individuality. You also must feel at one with your fellows. Finally, you must be dedicated to the fullest possible realization of your talents and abilities for the glory of God.

The stewardship which a Christian owes to God includes responsibility to be at his best as a person. It also means that he will give his best to others, including his parents, and so invest his talents in the service of Christ.

Responsibility is a major word in the Christian relationship to God and to neighbor. This is never more true than within the family circle. Therefore, the plea of this article is not for a lessening of filial responsibility to parents. It is rather a plea for a reckoning with the complementary responsibility which a single person has to maintain his obligations to his parents. The issue is not to be weighted one way or the other. Both responsibilities are to be fulfilled, for every Christian owes it to himself and to God to be a full person with self-respect and dignity.

• Love 'Em and Leave 'Em Alone

(Continued from page 9)

manage some way. And she had. She almost always had.

Thinking again of this afternoon, Nora realized that it was right for Kathy to lose her chance in the contest. She had forgotten her music. Now she had to take the consequence of her forgetfulness.

I haven't let them face the realities, Nora thought, shocked. She saw now that she had been clearing the way for them, making the going smooth. And she couldn't always do that. What would happen when they had to face the rough going alone?

Then Nora realized, like the lifting of a great weight, that there was still time. She felt serene and sure as she went to Kathy's room. With her hand on the knob, she paused with a smile to knock.

Kathy's cool gaze faltered under her mother's friendly smile. "Kathy, darling," Nora began, "sometimes I forget that you are growing up. Of course, you should have the right to privacy in your own room. There are other rights

you should have. One of them which I have not been willing to give you is the right to make your own mistakes, suffer from them, and learn by them.

"You deserved not to play in the contest, Kathy. You forgot your music. That was a mistake. Adults have to pay for their mistakes. You need to begin now to learn to pay for your own mistakes. That is the best way to learn not to repeat them."

Kathy looked sullen and uncertain. Nora smiled encouragingly and went out.

The next few weeks many records fell, records that Nora had taken pride in. Each of the children was late to school at least once. Ted paid almost a whole week's allowance on overdue library books. Kathy, who took so much pride in looking neat, went to school three times in unpressed clothes because she had neglected to hang them up. Sammy vacuumed the davenport because he had settled himself there to eat crackers. He mopped his own muddy tracks off the kitchen floor, whistling gaily. He missed two den meetings because he forgot. But all of them were learning.

Nora had a new lightness in her heart. The impossible load of responsibility removed, she found that she still liked her children. She felt blessedly sure of herself. There were no punishments. The children made their decisions and reaped the benefits or suffered the effects—and seemed to like it! She and

Sam were there to love and guide and help.

Nora did not talk of this to Sam. He had not been aware that there was a problem in the first place. In fact, he had not had a problem. He had always been generous enough to allow the children to be individual people leading their own lives. Nora knew now that that was why he enjoyed them, and they respected him. So she went her happy, new way, supposing that Sam was oblivious to the whole thing.

But Sam came in one evening, bursting with good humor and carrying a large gift box which he presented to Nora. "The pastel sheets and pillow cases I wanted," Nora guessed.

"Nope," said Sam. "This is not a present for a housewife. This is a present for a pretty, young girl."

"I'll sue," Nora threatened, laughing.

Out from folds of tissue paper she drew a rose-sprigged dress with a flouncy skirt and saucy, puffed sleeves. "But this is too young for me," Nora stammered. "It's a girl's dress."

"It certainly is," Sam said. "It belongs to the girl I married."

"But, why?" Nora asked. "It isn't our anniversary, and I haven't—"

"Homecoming," interrupted Sam heartily. "It's a homecoming present. The girl I married went away. There was some worried, unhappy, old woman here in her place. Now my girl is back, and it looks as though she is going to stay. I hope she does."



"That's pretty good. Now go back and try it with water."



Family Counselor

Q. ANN, MY five-year-old daughter, has always been a very sweet and affectionate child. My husband and I were both "only children" and so her grandparents on both sides are crazy about her. She has had too much of everything—all she had to do was say, "I want that" and it was hers.

Now we have a baby. Little James was born five months ago and Ann was very happy looking forward to his arrival. Then our trouble started. She wants to be a baby. She eats strained baby food, stays in the baby's play pen and baby walker half the time, and is in his bed if I'm not looking.

I've tried to make being a big girl seem very wonderful by telling her all the things she can do that a baby can't. If anyone says, "My, isn't Ann growing up?" she goes into tears and says, "I don't want to grow up. I'm never going to grow up." The word "school" has the same effect.

That's bad enough but her whole manner has changed. She talks awful to her grandparents and if we correct her she sulks all the time we are there. She won't kiss them good-by and won't let them touch her. I've tried making her stay at home for days at a time but the very next time we go to see them it's the same thing again. I get the blame and it sure makes things awkward.

A. FOR WHATEVER satisfaction there may be in it, let me remind you that your daughter's behavior is similar to that of many children when a baby brother or sister comes into the home. In your situation the behavior may be a bit exaggerated as your daughter for four years has had just about her own way in everything and all the attention of both you and the doting grandparents.

To be sure, she looked forward to the arrival of the baby, but she was unprepared for all the attention the baby would receive and for the amount of time you would have to spend with her. She had not anticipated, you see, the competition for attention the baby would give her.

Furthermore, your daughter may have noticed that when people come to see you, the grandparents included, the baby gets more attention than she. Is it any wonder, then, that she should want to do the same things that the baby does? If you will let her do so without shaming her or telling her that "big girls don't act this way," she gradually will return to behavior that is more in keeping with her age.

It is fine that you have tried to help her realize the advantages of

being a big girl but right now this approach evidently is not what she needs. Let me suggest, therefore, that for the time being you let up a bit on emphasizing the "big girl" aspect. After she has become more adjusted to the baby she will be in a more receptive mood for such an emphasis and will probably find satisfaction in becoming a big girl. Meanwhile, don't rush her.

I am wondering if, when you visit the grandparents, you always take the baby along. If so, is he the one that gets the most attention from them? If this is true it is not too surprising that your daughter should resent it and show her hostility by being rather nasty to them. Why not visit them sometimes when the baby is not with you so your daughter can get most of the attention.

And I am sure you will try to be patient and understanding with her, and I would hope that the grandparents also would be understanding. If she doesn't want to kiss them good-by, don't insist, or give her the impression she is "naughty" for not doing so. Just keep in mind the fact that your daughter is feeling rather lonely and insecure during these days of adjustment and that what she needs is love and affection rather than criticism.

Donald M. Maynard

Christian Youth and the Service

(Continued from page 6)

the minister of the church, will produce sons who will be drawn to accept the good in life rather than the evil.

Thereafter, the home and church will go with them during their military service. Frequent letters and occasional gifts will remind them of the love and concern that helps them keep themselves "on the beam" of moral integrity and spiritual growth.

The young men who come from our churches and our Christian families will keep faith with us. Let us also keep faith with them.

Evenings at Home

(Continued from page 27)

Our evenings at home are taking on more life and character. We are doing things and learning things together. (I have learned to put aside the bottomless mending basket—there are day-time hours when the mending can be done.) Hubby reads the papers and magazines—not just to keep posted on current events for his own satisfaction, but to find subjects of interest for family discussion. We listen to the radio and to TV, but the children are no longer dependent upon them for entertainment. In fact, in many cases, a radio comment is a starting point of a discussion. That reminds me—I have got to go to the library. Something was said last night about an expedition that will soon leave for the Antarctica.

Discussion coming up—the problems and purpose of the expedition.

A George Washington Story

(Continued from page 21)

Philip's heart jerked with a sudden thought. Could the stranger be a deserter?

The soldier was gazing down on him. "Food, m'lady—" he began.

All at once the man teetered and then fell to the ground.

Philip took a deep breath and swung around. He burst into the small stable and told the tall man with lean weathered face, that a soldier of the Continental Army lay outside in the snow.

Even as the words tumbled excitedly from his lips his father turned from their oxen and laid aside the yoke. He regarded his son.

"We'll see what this is about," he declared quietly.

The stranger had recovered and was struggling up from the ground.

"Soldier in the Continental Army, eh?" asked Philip's father.

The stranger nodded his answer.

Philip's father scanned the man; the frayed uniform; the feet bound in rags.

He added sharply, "I don't see how Washington holds his men together."

The soldier seemed to take a trembling breath.

"I—I must have fainted, sir," he began. "You see—"

He broke off, his glance going beyond them.

Philip turned and saw his mother.

"What trouble is this?"

"Ma'am," the soldier addressed her in a voice a bit husky, "I haven't eaten a full meal in a long time."

Philip's heart beat high and warm with sympathy; he looked at his mother.

She reached out, touched the man's arm and said gently, "Tut! I won't listen to another word. Come to our cabin for the comfort of rest and food."

Philip slid onto a bench by the stone fireplace, watching and listening to everything that went on.

His father laid a knot of pine wood on the fire. His mother bustled about preparing food for their guest.

At the stump table the stranger filled the emptiness inside him with savory stew, cornmeal bread, and a mug of good herb tea.

Presently, Philip's father said, "Soldier, what brings you in this direction?"

The man glanced around at the little group.

"Sir," he began, "General Washington retreated about a fortnight ago from the vicinity of Philadelphia. He has selected Valley Forge, not too distant, as a new defensive base."

The soldier paused for a moment, then slowly as though he were choosing the right words so that his friends could understand his meaning more clearly, he continued, "It is a day-to-day struggle for existence. The men

huddle in groups around scattered campfires, and Washington himself lives only in a flimsy tent and refuses to move to a neighboring farmhouse until we can build huts for ourselves."

The soldier looked away into the fire.

"For some days past," he went on quietly, "there has been so very little to eat in camp. That is why some of us have been sent out to forage food from the farmers to take back. Yet somehow," he added, looking at Philip's father, "we can stick to starving because of the man who is our leader—"

The soldier fell silent.

Philip glanced down at his own moccasined feet. He wanted leather boots more than anything else in the world. But here was a chance to help men who had the spirit of heroes.

"Soldier," began Philip, and his voice had the firmness of one who has made his choice, "soldier, I will give you my pig—"

Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

In addition to the activities that were discussed in the article, ask each person present to write a suggestion that he may have for making brotherhood a reality in your community. Have the suggestions listed and give them to the temporary chairman of the forum.

V. Resource Materials

Twelve Laws of Life—John Calvin Slep, American Baptist Publication Society. Philadelphia. \$1.50.

For free literature write to the following: *National Conference of Christians and Jews*, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. *Public Affairs Committee*, 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y. *Community Relations Service*, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Ask for these free articles: "How Old Is a Bigot?" Howard Whitman. "Prejudice and Mental Health," Hurlock and Freeman. "Are You Raising a Bigot?" Jack Harrison Pollack. "Do You Want Your Children to Be Tolerant?" Pearl Buck.

Christian Citizenship—Duane L. Day and Jackson Wilcox—Baptist Youth Fellowship of the American Baptist Convention, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. (a large resource list is included), 35¢.

Objectives in Christian Social Relations. Pamphlet prepared for the National Council of American Baptist Women, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Free. Included is a comprehensive list of resource materials.

Film on Community Spirit

The Town That Came Back—16 mm. sound color—28 min. To borrow, write to Film Library, Ford Motor Company, 16400 Michigan Boulevard, Dearborn, Michigan.

Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

"By wisdom a house is built, and by understanding it is established; by knowledge the rooms are filled with all precious and pleasant riches." (Proverbs 24:3-4)

The Words

A Boise
B Picnic
C Billy
D Guitar
E Beside
F Busy
G Whip
H Link
I Sudden
J Badge
K Salem

L Wash
M Thin
N Fair
O Honey
P Mules
Q Oldest
R Tails
S Halo
T Tread
U Drowned
V Treat

W Sons



for the hearthside

For Children

A book that will delight very young children is **The Cat Who Thought He Was a Tiger**, written and illustrated by Polly Cameron (Coward-McCann, Inc., 1956, unpagged, \$2.00). Children will readily identify themselves with the little cat of this story who was lonely, and who thought he was a misfit. They will understand his joy when he discovers he is *not* a tiger, but a cat! They will rejoice in his going home and taking his place in his family.

* * *

Younger children will enjoy **Henry's Ride**, by Miriam Schlein (Abingdon Press, 1956, unpagged, \$1.50). Henry (who is an old man) starts to drive one fine spring morning. The brief text describes the various scenes he enjoys—including a shower and a rainbow—and with each new one he says, "Oh my, this is fine!" He sees many lovely things, he picks some daisies, and he is given a bag of peanuts by the peanut man. Now all he needs is someone to share them with, and he finds that, too. The lively illustrations by Vana Earle add interest and humor to the text.

* * *

Try **Again Tommy**, by Joyce Boyle (Abingdon Press, 1956, 96 pages, \$1.50), tells about Tommy's adventures during a summer spent with his parents on a farm. He did things he had not been big enough to do the summer before: climbed trees, rode a horse, learned to swim, explored the creek, and went fishing with Daddy (and caught the biggest fish!). The crowning event of the summer was the county fair, where prizes were won by boys and girls who

did their best in many situations. Tommy wished that he could be the best in something. He is assured that he is as he helps a little girl.

This book will be enjoyed by children who are able to read it for themselves, as well as by younger children who will have it read to them. The illustrations by Nancy Plummer add to the interest of the story.

For Youth

Those who have read his *Story of the Bible* will be glad to have Walter Russell Bowie's **The Story of the Church** (Abingdon Press, Nashville, 1955, 208 pages, price, \$2.95). Here is a history of the church that will give young people a new appreciation of the organization of which they are a part. Dr. Bowie lifts up the stories of exciting moments and events which molded the life of the church as it expanded and grew in spite of opposition, indifference, and even false leaders. The entire family would enjoy reading this book aloud in the family circle. The story is told through the lives of the important persons of the passing pageant of the years.

* * *

Most young people are interested in the "mounties" of Canada. **The Friendly Force**, by Douglas Spettigue (Longmans, Green, New York, 1956, 134 pages, no price given), is a thrilling account of the beginnings and development of the group that "always gets its man." The reader will be struck by the vast difference in the treatment of Indians in Canada compared to that in the United States. The "mounties" broke the trail of the westward trek of civilization up north and in the process treated the Indians fairly, respected treaties

with them, and regarded them as human beings. How "mounties" are recruited, trained, and how they work make up the larger portion of this interesting book.

For Adults

An excellent reading book, reference book, and textbook is James A. Peterson's **Education for Marriage** (Scribners, 1956, 429 pages, price, \$5.50). Intended primarily as a textbook for courses in marriage and family education, it will be of immense value to parents for their own reading or to put in the hands of their young people who are about to be married and who have had no opportunity to take such a course. It is also highly usable as a reference book by family-life counselors in church and school.

The book is conveniently arranged in four parts: "Preparing for Marriage"; "Making a Wise Marriage Choice"; "Preparation for Marital Togetherness", and "The Achievement of Togetherness." Written from a scientific point of view, it is at the same time humane and down to earth. *Hearthstone* readers will be pleased to note in the chapter on "Achieving Religious Togetherness," an emphasis that is not always to be found in books of this nature. Also unusual to find in similar books is an appendix which gives in detail a copy of an "Ante-Nuptial Agreement of the Catholic Church."

This book and Eckert's *Sex Attitudes in the Home* make up a basic library which covers most of the problems which arise in this field.

The author is a former minister who has taken training in family-life education and is now associate professor of sociology and marriage counselor at the University of Southern California.

Over the back fence

• Have You a Heart?

This is one of the most important questions we can ask ourselves this month. Before answering it too complacently, let us press it a little further.

Have you a heart of good will for your brothers? This is Brotherhood Month, and the week nearest Washington's birthday is Brotherhood Week. In many churches this week it is also called the Week of Compassion. Churches of the Disciples of Christ will give nearly \$500,000 dollars during that one week to help meet the crying needs of the world's suffering millions. Other churches give to the same purpose in the One Great Hour of Sharing program. Do you *prove* your good will by having a significant part in this giving?

Have you a heart that is gradually casting off its prejudices? Bluntly put, prejudice is simply not Christian. Whether our prejudice be against Negro, Jew, Catholic, Indian, Japanese, Chinese, white man, Protestant, or any other of an infinite number of types, it is forthrightly condemned by our Christian faith. Are you *doing* something definite to help break down the bitter walls of prejudice.¹

Have you a heart for the sufferers of various diseases of the heart? February is the month when the annual Heart Fund campaign is conducted. Last year nearly two million dollars was raised for research grants to 311 scientists who are working heroically to conquer this worst killer of mankind. The work they are doing will stand you in good stead if and when you are some day sharply and painfully reminded that you do, indeed, *have a heart!*

¹Write to *Christian Friends' Bulletin*, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., for suggestions of things to do.

• Did These Shockers Do Any Good?

During 1956 the National Safety Council through the Advertising Council program probably shocked a great many people with these blunt headlines:

THIS CHILD IS SCHEDULED
TO BE AN ORPHAN TOMORROW!

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO PLAN
FOR A COFFIN?

FORTY THOUSAND FUNERALS . . . WILL YOURS BE ONE?

WILL YOUR WIFE BE A
WIDOW THIS YEAR?

Each headline prefaced an ad which endeavored to awaken all of us who drive cars or ride in them to be conscious of the increasing toll of traffic accidents during the year which threatened to total over 40,000 deaths.

This is being written over three months before the end of the year. Hence, we do not know how successful the campaign was in keeping that total down.

Two principles were laid down in all of these advertisements:

1. Where drivers stay alert and obey the law, deaths go DOWN!
2. Wherever traffic laws are strictly enforced, deaths go DOWN!

Let's Put Those Principles Into Practice!

• From Fire Alarm to Fire Prevention

Parents have a stake and therefore must be interested in World Disarmament. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 2006 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa., has help to offer parents in understanding this important issue. Parents' groups in our churches will find it valuable to their study programs to write to this organization for material which will provide the basis for several programs.

Here are three principles upon which the League builds its program: (1) Disarmament must be universal. (2) Disarmament must build on agreements already reached. (3) Disarmament must be complete.

Poetry Page

Sundown

The children playing in the street
Each glad, bright day of June
Are sorry as they homeward turn,
That sundown comes so soon.

But we, as through the years we strive
To garner some renown,
Are glad when weary hours have passed,
To see the sun go down.

For sundown brings those tranquil hours
When workday worries cease,
When quiet talk and loving smiles
Encircle us with peace.

—Eva Johnston

Beacon Light

Where were the far-flung hopes I knew?
Why had my plans gone all aground?
I feared to face the day anew
With yesterday's failure all around.

And then I saw the morning star,
In twilight shadows staunch and true,
Where sister stars had faded far
Before the dawn should come to view.

To me it was a beacon light
And helped me meet the coming day
With hope renewed and courage bright,
And faith that God would show the way.

—Ellen E. Morrison

The Four-O'clocks

Where yesterday the dandelions
Filled the grass with gold,
On stems grown tall, the four-o'clocks
Their fluffy heads unfold.

Only the balls of misty seeds
Remain of yellow hosts.
I think the fuzzy four-o'clocks
Are dandelion ghosts.

—Marion L. Miller

Study Articles and Guides

Some of you have requested a list of the study articles and guides that appeared in "Hearthstone" during 1956. Here they are:
January—"The Family Can Live Together," by Jesse Wester

February—"Teaching Children Worldmindedness," by Barbara Faiss

March—"The Faith of Early Childhood," by Ruth W. Howard

April—"Christian Family Week in Your Home," by Ruth Lentz

May—"Parents Are Stand-ins for God," by Geneve R. Selsor

June—"Budgeting for Better Family Living," by R. Lofton Hudson

July—"Choosing Our Children's Companions," by Vera Channels

August—"Open the Door to Your Teen-ager," by Alpha Mell Stuart

September—"Parents Are Teachers," by Mary C. Odell

October—"Temperance Teaching in the Home," by Caryl D. Slifer

November—"When Are We Grown Up?" by Jean A. Thompson, M.D.

December—"Making Christmas Creatively Christian," by Olive Walker Hanson

a PASTOR speaks



ON PASTORAL visits to the hospitalized and shut-ins I can spend only a short time with each individual, but I leave with each one a copy of **THE SECRET PLACE** to further cheer and sustain. In premarital counseling I recommend that family devotions begin with the honeymoon, and I give each newly married couple a copy of **THE SECRET PLACE**. I also see to it that **THE SECRET PLACE** is distributed to all new members. It encourages them to join their fellow Christians, near and far, in the shared experience of daily worship in the home. On radio devotions, I use **THE SECRET PLACE** and often refer to it for leads in the preparation of sermons. I encourage the full use by all my church families of this unsurpassed, devotional quarterly with its daily call to group and individual worship.

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